Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIII., No. 12. MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, MARCH 25, 1898. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Our New Superintendent.

(By Henry Lewis.)

The Sunday-school at Bryn had never taken any active interest in examinations, and seldom, if ever, did a scholar express a desire to join the church. All the work it did was to make a collection once a month toward the annual Whitsun treat for the younger scholars. To make this treat a success was the only ambition of the superintendant as well as teachers. In one sense the school simply labored for the bread that perished, and made no effort to arouse the interest of the scholars in higher and nobler things. The Whitsun treat was the summum bonum of the whole school, and the natural result was that this treat was always a great success.

The superintendent would invariably call a committee of teachers the first Sunday after the treat, in order to receive suggestions how to improve the great annual feast. This treat was the inspiration of the school, hence no effort was spared to make it a complete success. But naturally enough, though the treat was a complete success, the school was not, for the boys and girls, though they would flock to the school in great numbers a few weeks before Whitsuntide, would also cease to attend the school soon after the treat. The average number of attendants during the year was something like two hundred, but at Whitsuntide the number would increase to three and sometimes four hundred.

One or two of the teachers would protest against permitting these 'strangers' and 'stragglers,' to accompany the school to the fields and to partake of the enjoyment for which they had been laboring so hard during the year. Of course, the protest was quite natural, but the superintendent argued that nothing could be done, for he hoped that these strangers would some day, for the 'loaves and fishes,' join the school.

Tom Pritchard, a young man of twenty-two summers, the son of a minister, having come to Bryn to practise as a lawyer, felt a desire to join himself to the Bryn Sunday-school; for he had been taught at home to respect the Sunday-school and labor for its success. He was a bright, keen fellow, and what is not very common among lawyers, he was a very spiritual young man; yet no one at Bryn, not even the minister, thought it advisable to invite young Pritchard to their Sunday-school; for one thing, they had no class they could ask him to join, and they had no class they could ask him to teach. However, imagine the school's surprise one Sunday afternoon when they saw the young man taking his seat beside the minister and making himself quite at home. The superintendent was in a fix, for he must find something for the young fellow to do. His first thought was to ask him to commence the school, and then leave him to perambulate the chapel with the minister. Now, Bryn Sunday-school had no class-rooms; they had a small vestry behind the chapel, and there the younger generation were taught A B C, or as the Welsh pronounce them, 'Ah, Bee, ek.' Bryn was nominally a Welsh school, and so the wee ones had to learn the Welsh alphabet, and then they were taught to read the Welsh Testament.

But very few of the younger generation at Bryn could either speak or understand the Welsh language, therefore, the school, though nominally a Welsh one, was practically English. As it happened the vestry teacher was absent that Sunday and Pritchard volunteered to teach the young ones the 'Ah, Bee, ek.'

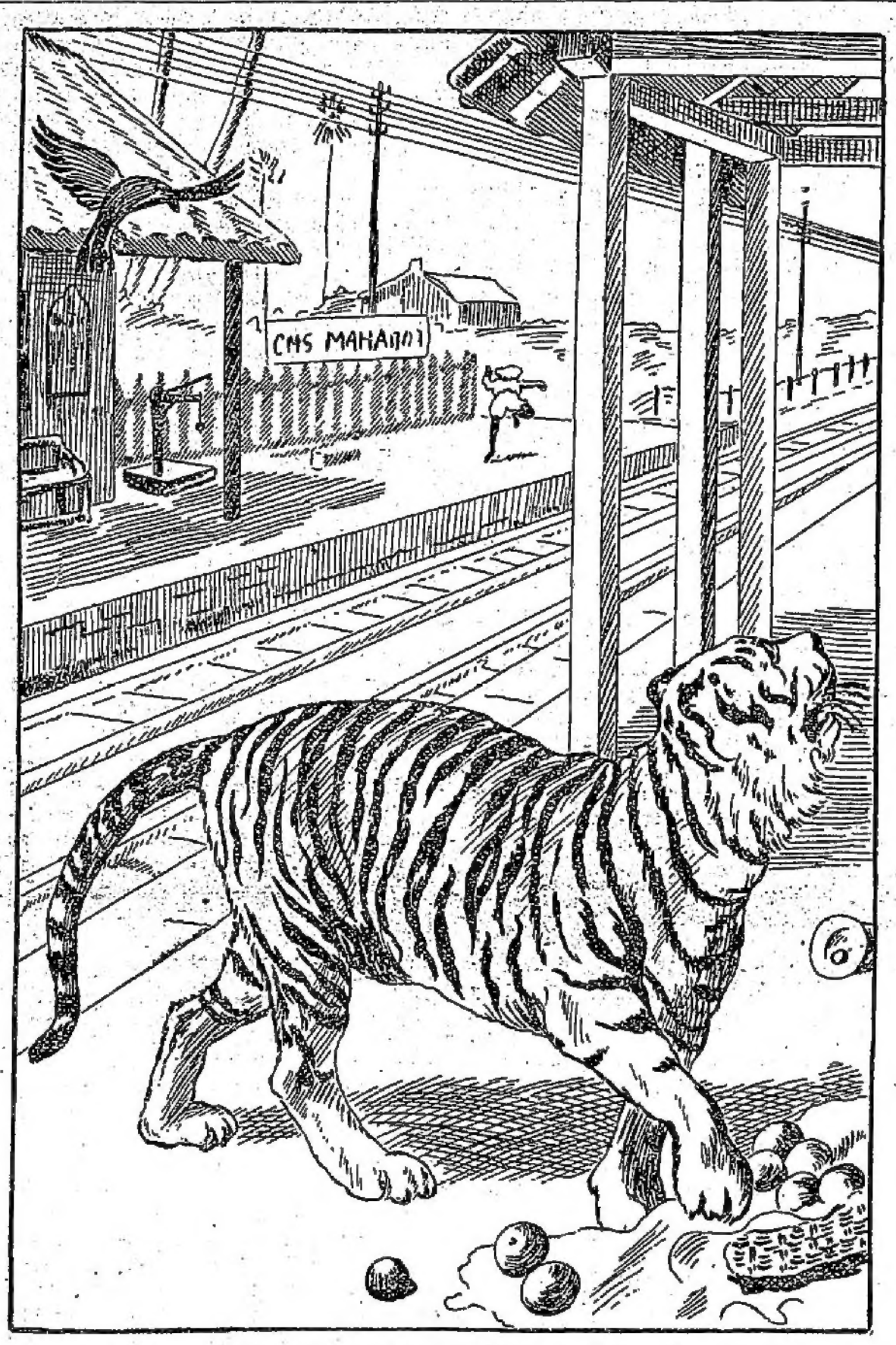
Old Griffiths, as he was called, the superintendent, was a monoglot Welshman, but he could manage just a few words in English; and knowing Pritchard was a lawyer, he thought it would be more polite to speak to him in English, though Pritchard was a pure Welshman.'

'You be not to tach the shildren, Mr. Pritchard, I will do that; you will kindly look after the school, you be more competant than me.'

The young gentleman refused to become the superintendent in that manner, but the old superintendent called the minister and a few of the chief teachers together, and the matter was there and then unanimously decided. Pritchard should be the new overseer, and Griffiths took the children.

'I thank you,' said the young man, 'for the honor, but I would like to emphasize the fact that a good teacher with the little ones, in many respects, is far more important than even a good superintendent. The children have their characters to make, and the kind of characters they will become depends to a great extent, upon the kind of teaching they now receive.'

When these words were uttered the minister, who was himself a comparatively young man, had hard work to keep the tears from showing themselves in his eyes. He had often longed, and even prayed for someone to come to Bryn to move the school to seek something higher and nobler than a grand annual treat. The treat was very well in its place, but to make the treat the one great object of their efforts, the thought, was too low and carnal an end for a Sunday-



AN AWKWARD VISITOR AT A RAILWAY STATION IN INDIA.—'Home Words.'
'Tiger jumping about platform, men will not work; please arrange.'—Extract from 'Telegram.'

school. He saw the answer to his prayer in the young man who had just undertaken the office of superintendent. For three years he had been striving to get the school to take up the International Lessons, and to enter the examinations, and though he several times attempted to start a training-class, his efforts had altogether been a failure. The only thing that would bring a number of the teachers and older scholars of Bryn together was the announcement of a picnic or a soiree.

Young Pritchard and the minister of Bryn soon became great friends, and the old people at Bryn began to doubt their choice. Great changes were constantly taking place in the government of the school, and a new spirit was manifest in the teachers. The International Lessons were adopted by the younger classes, and a special class was conducted by the minister to prepare for the examination. This innovation was regarded as a sign of heterodoxy on the part of the new superintendent and the minister. 'For,' argued the ex-superintendent, 'these Internashoonal Lessans be not teaching our doctrines and principals. You can venshure, brethren, that this will be the dash-blow of our school.' He laid emphasis on the words —our doctrines and principles, and there was a loud assent to his words from the older members.

'We shall see how many it will kill during the next twelve months,' replied young Pritchard, 'and we shall see how many it will make alive. Let it be judged according to its practical results.'

But it was hard work, terribly hard, for some time; for even the children were taught at home to take new lessons just the same as they took medicine. However, in less than two years the old Bryn School had doubled its number of scholars, and over thirty of these had joined the church. 'What the loaves and fishes failed to do,' said the new superintendent in a teachers' conference recently, 'we have been able to accomplish by sound teaching of the word of God and by prayer. You congratulate me for the recent success of our school; but, brethren and sisters, all I did was to show you the way. You have been kind to the scholars; you have taught them faithfully the simple word of God; you have prayed for their salvation, and by these means you have taught the children to love you, to love the school, and to love the religion you profess.'—'English Sunday-school Times.'

In Darkest London.

In one of the darkest and most dismal quarters of London there is a bright and cheerful refuge where men and boys are always sure that they will be welcomed. It is in Shoreditch, one of the most densely populated districts of the city. Every night it is thronged with poor boys, who are allowed to amuse themselves in their own way.

There are tables where chess and checkers are played. There are magazines and books for those who care to read them. There are vaulting-bars, swinging-rings, dumb-bells, and other gymnastic appliances.

A hundred or more boys may always be seen in this cheerful refuge up to ten o'clock at night. They are under no restraint, and are not reproved when they raise their voices and shout hilariously, from sheer excess of animal spirits and youthful vitality.

There is no policeman in attendance at these nightly revels. A clergyman greets his guests with quiet dignity when they enter the hall, and his presence suffices to secure the maintenance of good order. When the hour for closing strikes the boys shake hands with their host, and return to their squalid homes with faces aglow with healthful exercise and youthful pleasure, and morally benefited by the influence of the 'refuge.'

But the clergyman's work has not ended. After ten o'clock the rooms fill up with men who are homeless and without money to pay for a night's lodging. They are admitted if they are sober, and are allowed to sleep in bunks with a blanket over them. The doors are closed at midnight, and the clergyman remains in an upper room where he can overlook the swarm of tramps. In the morning they are expected to wash themselves, and then are suffered to go, with a kind word from the minister in charge.

The man who spends his days and nights in laboring among these poor unfortunates is a well-born university graduate. He preaches on Sundays in an upper room, which is fitted up as a chapel, and he has sick people to visit and all the details of a great mission work to supervise. He devotes his life to the service of the poor, and is cut off from companionship with people of education and refinement.

He has his reward for his labors and self-sacrifice, when he hears, as he often does, of the rescues from crime which are effected through the agency of his work. Sometimes he receives letters from India stating that the writers owe their redemption from sin and shame to the kind words which he has spoken in that play-room and lodging-house. Or, again, it is from Australia, or South Africa, that the boys whom he has befriended send him word that they owe to him their chance of making an honest living.

It is a degraded section of darkest London, but it is illuminated with the purest light of practical Christianity. The educated gentleman who buries himself alive there embodies in his life the divine spirit of self-sacrifice, and his reward is found in the approval of his Master.—'Youth's Companion.'

The Life of Walking on the Water.

It is the life of abiding peace and power. It is the life of constant victory in God's service. It is the life in which we are more than conquerers through him who loved us. The possibility of this life was revealed to us by the Lord Jesus. Peter did not think that it was possible to get across the sea otherwise than by toiling at the oar, until he saw Jesus walking on the water. That was a revelation to him of a possibility hitherto undreamed of. We did not know that a life of abiding peace, and joy, and holiness, was possible on this earth until we read the life of Jesus. And there we saw it realized. It was something entirely different from the life we were living. It was a life, the meat and drink of which was to do God's will. It was life altogether without backsliding, a life that grew more and more in beauty till the perfect day. So now we know that there is another way of doing God's will, and getting across the sea of life than by toiling at the oar.

'But,' you say, and the voices of some of you quiver with feeling as you say it, 'is this life for me ?' Is it possible to flesh and blood, or possible only to phantoms? Is it possible to flesh and blood beset with sin, or only to the sinless Son of God ? It is possible! Jesus was man, flesh and blood, and he did it ! Peter was man, flesh and blood, and a sinner like ourselves, and he did it! That shows what is possible.

But, you ask, if this life is possible, how is it to be attained?'

It begins by an absolute surrender of everything to Christ, and a venturing wholly upon him.

If you would have the power over sin which you seek, you must surrender everything to Christ, and venture wholly on him.

Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude,
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

This life of victory, this experience of fulness of blessing, which is begun by surrender, is continued only while we look to Jesus.

This answers the question whether this experience may be lost or not. Certainly it may, and—alas! even by those who know it best—sometimes is. Begun by surrender, it is continued only while we look to Jesus.

This is the life, dear reader, which God means for you; this is the life to which God calls you; will you not enter on it now? Will you not say, as you give yourself utterly away to the Lord,

'Over the waves to thee, dear Lord,
Over the waves to thee,
At last, at last, I come, I come,
Over the waves to thee,
I know thou cans't not fail,
I know thou cans't not fail,
I trust my all at thy dear call,
And give myself to thee'?

—From Booklet, 'Toiling, or Triumphing.'

A Prayer Heard and Answered Out of Old Ocean's Depths.

In November, 1866, I was capsized in an open boat in Galveston Bay. Being something of a sailor, I tried to right her. I took out the mast and ballast, then, placing myself at the stern, I tried to roll the water out of her. The sea being very high, I could not succeed, and becoming exhausted by my efforts to save myself, I got into the boat, and sat down, or kneeled down, holding a gunwale in each hand. At this time I was quite exhausted, and seemed to have lost presence of mind, through great fear of loss of life, etc. It was a dark night, miles from land, and no possibility of human aid at that time and place, a heavy wind, and waves running high.

Stripped to my underwear, spray flying over me every moment, I was being chilled to death, and, as I thought, about to perish. I thought of God, and, as I had been taught in youth, I believed that all things were possible with him, I prayed. I asked him to save me from a watery grave. I don't remember just the words I used, but God was there and answered as soon as I asked him, without a moment's delay, He saved me! Who else could have done it? Remember the situation. Kneeling in the water, waist deep, with wind and spray flying over me, chilled near unto death, paralyzed with fear, no human hand near to help, God, in his love and mercy, sent into my body a glowing warmth, wonderfully warming me up, restoring my presence of mind, and casting out all fear, and giving me his thought, 'Who wishes God's help, must help themselves.' So I seized a paddle, which I had secured by jamming under a thwart, and worked with it all the long night, and until I was picked up by a Houston steamer next morning and carried to Galveston. Yours sincerely, Wm. E. Parker, Denison, Texas.—Ram's Horn.'

Alcohol is a foe, we very well know,
To enterprise, business, and wealth;
But what is still worse than taking our purse,
He robs us of morals and health.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Elephants of Kings.

(By Charles Frederick Holder, in 'Frank Leslie's Magazine.')

In ancient times in the East the elephant was considered indispensable, the huge animals being employed to bear the king, queen or other royal personages on ceremonial occasions and as ornamental and dignified attaches of the court and temples. For these purposes the very finest elephants were selected. In India elephant sales have been held from time immemorial, and Stonepoor, on the Ganges, is to-day a famous place for the sale and exchange of the great creatures. Here the agents of potentates meet and buy especially fine animals. Another location is at Dacca, near the forests of Sylhet, Cachar and Chitagong.

KING PERSEUS'S WOODEN ELEPHANTS.

Royalty uses but one variety of the elephant, this being known as the koomeriah, or, literally, the first class. A koomeriah is an elephant over nine feet in height; of great girth; legs short and colossal; chest massive; the trunk broad at the base; the bump between the eyes prominent, and skin soft and inclined to fold. Splashes of pink-white skin add to the animal's value very materially. Such an elephant usually has a good disposition, is very intelligent, and will cost from one thousand to ten thousand dollars, the latter price often being paid by the rajahs. Such a purchase is fortunate indeed, as it means a life of ease and comfort, in sharp contrast to the working elephants, which are used in the teak yards all over India.

The elephant is transported to the palace of the king or rajah, as the case may be, has its own apartments, especially if it be a pink-splashed elephant, men to attend it, and rich robes and trappings to be used on various ceremonial occasions.

Nearly all the kings and emperors of ancient times were the owners of elephants, some of whom are famous in the annals of history. Perseus, the last king of Macedonia, appreciating their value, but not possessing them, had wooden elephants made, in the interior of which he concealed a soldier, who blew upon a trumpet which led into the trunk, and which was sounded loudly at the charge. The bogus animals stood on wheels, and, when surrounded by men, looked from a distance very much like living elephants.

The King of Ternassery had some elephants of remarkable size, which on ceremonial occasions he dressed in magnificent coats of mail. Ctesias, an old writer, tells us that the King of the Indus had over ten thousand elephants; but the historian was deceived, and the way in which the deception was carried out is well known to-day. A king having five hundred elephants would form them in a procession and march them before a guest in an endless chain, occasionally changing the trappings, so that the observer might readily count several thousand elephants before discovering the deception.

The most magnificent displays in which elephants have taken part have been seen in India. King Aurengzebe had a sister named Rochinara Begum, whom he delighted to honor; and when she went to ride the entire populace turned out to witness the magnificent pageant. She appeared mounted on an enormous Pegu elephant that was caparisoned with cloths of gold that gleamed in the sunlight with the scintillations of gems of the greatest value. The elephant was conducted to the palace of the princess by a guard, and appeared, by its dignified demeanor, to understand the responsibility of its position. The mik-dember, or canopied saddle, which the princess entered as the elephant kneeled, was of blue enamel, ornamented with gold and gems. The rider's dress was a cloth of gold, and the cloth that hung from the huge elephant was heavy with gold. Surrounding this elephant were others bearing richly adorned attendants, each bearing a cane of ivory; and about them in turn a troop of beautifully attired female servants from Tartery and Kashmire, mounted on beautiful horses. Among them were their attendants, some on horseback, who were followed in turn by their attendants on foot, all bearing canes and dressed in the richest costumes, whose duty it was to warn off the populace, and keep the way clear for their masters.

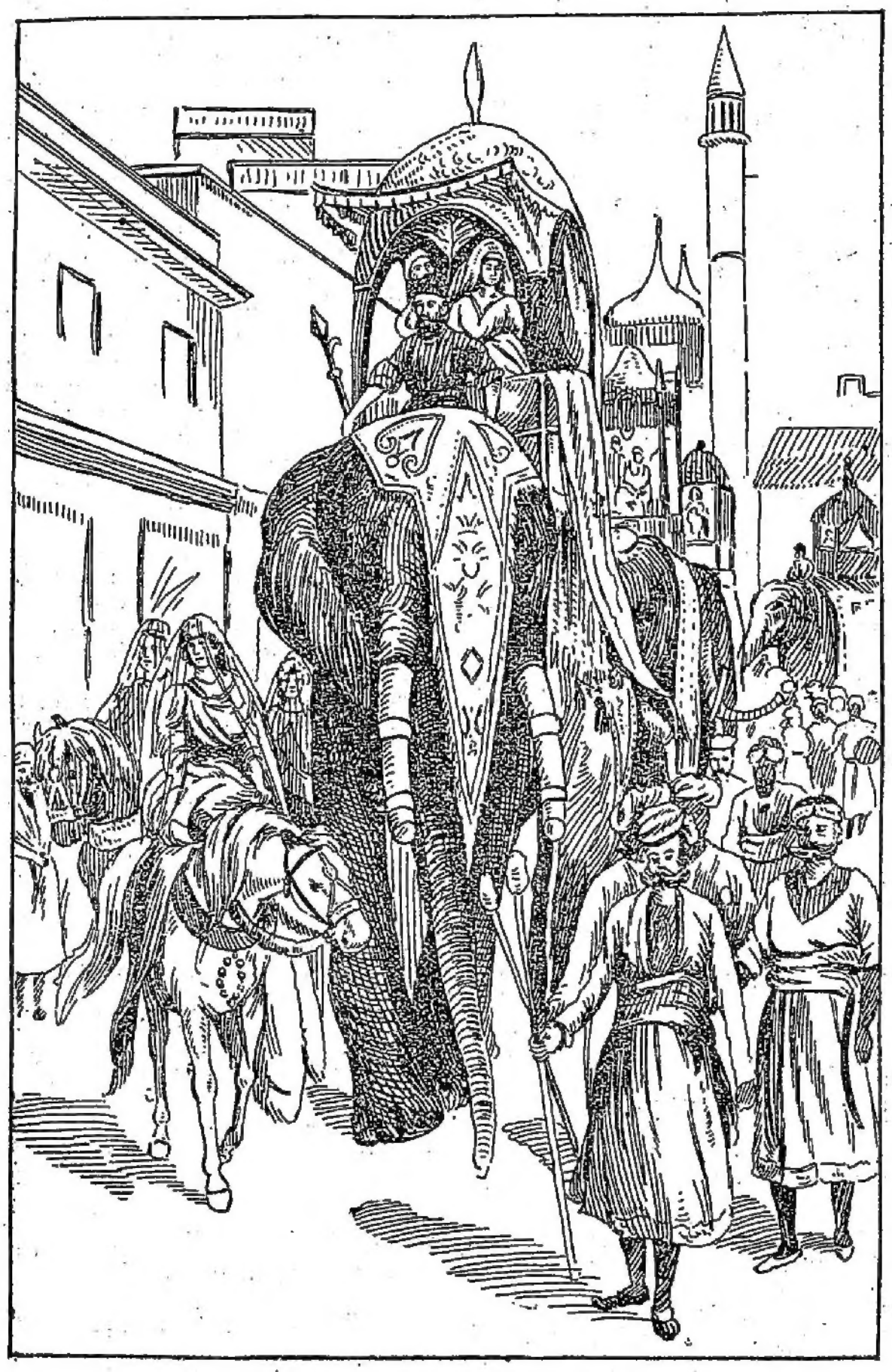
Following the elephant of the princess came one almost as fine, with royal trappings, bearing the chief lady of the household; and at a certain distance behind walked another elephant; and so on, until sixteen or more elephants had passed, all with magnificent trappings, and harness proportionate to the rank of the rider. In all there were sixty of these elephants in the line of march, all graded in their magnificence from the princess down to the lowest personage in the household. If this splendor was seen in the retinue of the sister of the monarch, what should we expect of the king himself?

One of the grandest displays of elephants ever seen was at the Vizier Ally's wedding, when twelve hundred elephants of the king,

QUEEN SEMIRAMIS'S CAMEL-ELEPHANTS.

all richly caparisoned, and many with silver howdahs, were drawn up in line, like soldiers, to salute His Majesty and do honor to his friend the Grand Vizier. When the line of march was taken up the Vizier was surrounded by the elephants, and sat in a castle of gold inlaid with precious stones. The brilliancy of the sight is said to have been beyond description.

The wooden elephants of eastern potentates were remarkable, but a herd manufactured by the illustrious Queen Semiramis probably created more excitement than any



A PRINCESS OF INDIA ON HER TRAVELS.

recorded in history. Hearing that the Indians were very rich, she decided upon a war against them. Stabrobates was the king, and Semiramis, hearing by her spies that he had a vast army of elephants, trained to beat down men and horses, was at first puzzled where to obtain an opposing force. Finally it occurred to her that she could imitate the elephants, and produce so strange and monstrous a creature that it would strike terror to the hearts of the soldiers of King Stabrobates and demoralize his elephants. With this view she ordered three hundred thousand oxen killed, and for two years, according to the ancient historians, her artisans sewed the skins together and stuffed them out into the shape of elephants. So far as we know, these workers of Queen Semiramis were the first taxidermists. Finally the skin elephants were ready, and were placed upon the backs of camels, and as these animals hold their heads much higher than elephants, a most romarkable creature was the result. The mock elephants created shouts of laughter wherever they went, and so terrified horses that they did much damage.

Weeks were spent in familiarizing the horses and men with them, but finally the vast army started. The first battle was on the banks of the river Indus, where Semiramis was victorious. Then the troops were transported over and lined up before the army of the Indian king, who had his elephants in front, while Semiramis also lined up her bogus elephants, and they presented a remarkable appearance. The queen had in every way endeavored to keep her secret but some deserters to the army of the king told him that the elephants were imitations. When the battle began the elephants of the Indians charged violently at the camels, but so strange and weird was the appearance of the bogus elephants that the real elephants became demoralized, and with the horses marched back upon their own army.

Seeing this, Queen Semiramis ordered her elephants to advance; but the opposing forces recovered from their panic and charged again, this time with terrible effect. The camels being utterly helpless, turned and ran, and were rolled over and over by the now enraged elephants, and soon the ground was covered with them, while the forces of the queen were routed and put to flight. The battle, were it not for its sanguinary side, would have been one of the most laughable sights recorded in ancient history; and it is safe to say that the elephants of Queen Semiramis were the most remarkable ever seen on the field of battle or anywhere else.

'On Earth as it is in Heaven.'

(By M. Jennie Street, in 'S. S. Times.')

He did God's will; to him all one
If on the earth or in the sun.'

'For this is the true faith in a man, namely, to die from himself . . . and in all his beginnings and designings to bring his desire into the will of God, and arrogate the doing of nothing to himself, but esteem himself in all his doings to be but a servant or minister of God, and to think that all he doth, or goeth about, is for God.'—Jacob Boehme.

In a dingy office, overlooking a narrow court, a man sat writing busily. Softened murmurs of the great city's roar came through the opened window, and lingering sunbeams made a patch of glory on the wall. Half turning from his desk, the man gazed for a moment at the sunshine; then, with a murmur of impatience, he bent over his work once more; but wearily, for he was tired in body and in brain after the vexations of a long, hard day. It had begun badly, for he had risen later than usual, in the irritable mood that comes so easily to overworked men, and every trifle had provoked him. He was generally an indulgent father; but, hearing some childish clamor in the nursery as he passed on the stairs, he had gone in among the little ones and startled them with sharp reproofs and hasty blows. Then, being vexed with himself when he looked at their frightened, tearful faces, he blamed their nurse for mismanagement and scolded her into sullenness. He had found fault with nearly everything provided for his hurried breakfast, and when his wife excused herself and complained of the servants, he answered her with reproaches that were more bitter than he knew, so that the comfortless meal had ended with something like a quarrel, from which he went away angry and resentful.

He found more cause for annoyance at his office. One of his clerks was late, another had blundered in an important duty. He heard of some serious losses, and two of his clients had been dissatisfied and complaining.

In the afternoon he had spared some precious hours to attend a committee appointed to arrange for the re-building of the old-fashioned church in which he had worshipped since boyhood, but the time had been worse than wasted, for nothing but vexation had come of the meeting. His plans had been criticized and opposed, there had been useless discussion, and he had been drawn into a hot dispute with an old friend. Now, as he toiled over arrears of work, he was vexed and disheartened, as well as weary, and, most of all, discontented with himself. Presently a great blot fell on the white page before him, and an angry ejaculation sprang to his lips.

'Nothing but hindrances,' he said. 'Life is all of a piece, and things big and little go wrong together. I am a fool to strive for I never win success or joy, and my longings after the higher life only put me at a disadvantage among other men.' Even my religious life a failure. Yet God knows I have loved and sought better things.' His face

grew very wistful. 'I would willingly die to-day that I might taste the life of the better world, and find my earth-worn spirit free and strong for God's happy service.' There was a knock at the door; one of his clerks wanted some instructions, and he answered—not like one who had just been longing for the higher life and aspiring heavenwards, but roughly and impatiently. When the door closed again he sneered at himself: 'I am a fool; my religion costs me something now and then, but it has not made me better than other men.'

Then he wrote on. He did not know that an angel was bending over him—a being so fair, so strong, so radiant with holy joy that a mortal could hardly look upon him without envying his bliss. The angel's face was very sweetly grave, and his clear eyes were full of tender pity.

'Brother!' he said, at length, in tones of music, that opened the ears and heart of the man beside him, 'brother, fear not! I am like thee, one of the servants of God; and but now, as I sang in my place in the chorus of heaven, his word came to me, bidding me seek thee, because thou art very weary, and having shown myself to thee, tell thee that if thou art willing we may change our service. We shall be ourselves unchanged in heart, and character, but changed in all beside. Thou shalt dwell in this angelic body, and I will tabernacle in thy mortal flesh. Thou shalt watch me, if thou wilt, as angels have many times watched thee; or, if thou choosest so, thou shalt soar heavenward and join the celestial chorus. All the powers and privileges of angelhood shall be thine while I dwell here in thy place, wearing thy form and fulfilling thy duties. What sayest thou? Art thou willing?'

'More than willing, oh, blessed angel!' the man answered eagerly, his voice broken with a sob of joy. 'How could I be other than willing to resign this humdrum life, with its sordid cares and ceaseless toils for things earthly, for joy and glory, holiness and happiness like thine?' As he spoke a strange gladness thrilled every nerve; he closed his eyes for a moment. Then he looked again toward the angel, and lo, he saw instead the outside of himself. Yet, on the careworn face of the man, with its early wrinkles and premature gray hairs, the angel's sweet, grave smile shone strangely; and even in the first amaze of glancing down at the glories of his new exterior, the man felt that he was not all angel.

'Am I as thou wert?' he asked, doubtfully and half afraid.

'Thou hast all I had that could be taken from me without robbing me of myself,' answered the angel. 'As thou seest that I am truly become as thou wast, so completely art thou become like what I was. Thou wearest the glories of the life celestial; thou hast the form and privileges of a heavenly servant of the King of kings. Will thou rise heavenward and taste the joys from which I came, worshipping in my place?'

'No,' faltered the man, 'not yet. I fear—I fear I know not what. Old burdens cling to me and I dare not go heavenward; my heart faints at the thought of it. I am not happy; I am not at peace; how can I venture among the blessed? Let me stay here and watch thee!'

'As thou wilt,' answered the angel, 'Thou shalt be invisible to all, even to me, till thou desirest otherwise.' And turning to the desk he began to write, like the man he seemed, and worked diligently, and swiftly, with intent, smiling face, until his pen scratched, and a heavy blot fell on the clean page before him. Then, as he paused long enough to take away the spoiled sheet, a low, sweet song burst from his lips: 'Worthy art thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honor and the power, for thou didst create all things, and because of thy will they were, and were created.'

Then he wrote on till someone knocked at the door. He responded cheerily, and turning a kind, bright face toward the clerk, answered his inquiries pleasantly, and busied himself among the papers again. So he wrote until it was time to go to the man's house. He went through the busy streets with a happy face, singing in a low, sweet undertone. He did not lose his serene smile in the bustle and throng of the crowded railway station; it rather deepened as he guided a weakly old man down the stairs, and helped a frightened woman and her little ones into the train. Men who sat in the carriage with him forgot to read their evening papers as they watched his face, wondering at its look of exceeding gladness, and following his eyes as he gazed at the sky, glowing toward sunset. One after another spoke of the beauty of the evening, the loveliness of the long bright days, and the sweet glimpses of summer that came even to the noisy city; and, somehow, as they went to their homes, they felt strangely happy. It seemed, indeed, that he carried an atmosphere of joy with him, for as he entered the house smiling, the children ran to meet him, and clung round him in eager welcome. When he sat down they climbed to his arms and whispered baby confidences, and listened eagerly to the tales he told them till their mother came, with apologies for delay, and more complaints of the careless maids, to call him to the evening meal. She was half timid, half resentful, and her eyelids were reddened with unconfessed tears. But he smiled on her.

'There is no need to trouble,' he said; 'it is all very well if thou wilt be happy.' And those few words, uttered in the gentlest of tones, made her more eager to serve him than all the harsh reproaches that her husband had spoken in the morning.

The meal was a very happy one, and when it was over she lingered near, with tear bright eyes, till, turning from the little ones, he talked with her, and they spoke together of many things.

Presently she said, 'It is long since we have talked like this; how is it you are more kind than usual?'

'Am I?' the angel asked, smiling. Then she blushed, for though there was no hint of reproach in his words or his tone, she could not help remembering how often she had been cold and unresponsive when her husband meant to be kind. Kissing the bright, hair of her youngest child, she vowed in her heart to be more gentle and loving from that hour.

That night there was to be a meeting at the old church, when the members were to hear the report of the special committee, and vote upon the plans for rebuilding. The man had dreaded it, as likely to be a stormy, disputatious gathering. The angel went to it singing, and greeted the members he met so kindly that they whispered to one another their wonder at the change in their old friend. And the meeting was curiously peaceful. In his opening remarks the minister had nervously deprecated unseemly strife, for he feared a conflict among his strong-willed helpers, but for once there was no disagreement; it seemed as if everybody was more anxious to decide on the best plan than to recommend his own, and one after another spoke of serving Christ rather than sect or creed. The closing hymn was a shout of praise, and the minister's prayer was full of gratitude, while many eyes were dim with wholesome tears, and many hearts felt a new softness. There was a hush upon them all, as they went out into the summer night. Some one whispered to the angel.

'It has been a strange meeting—more like one for worship than for business.'

And the angel answered,

'Worship is our business, and all our business is worship, if we are the servants of God. What he cleanses cannot be common or unclean.'

* * * * * * * * * *

For many days the man in angel form watched the angel who had taken his place, and saw how he met life's difficulties. Worries and annoyances, trials and temptations met him in the house, in the office, in the church. He was often weary, yet he never seemed vexed or troubled or sad; he never complained or showed impatience. Steadfastly and faithfuly he went through the round of commonplace duties, and partly because he did them so well, partly because of a nameless something in his look and word, he had power over all whom he met. The children were ashamed to quarrel or be disobedient in his gentle presence; the men who served dared not bring neglect or unfaithfulness before his clear eyes; men and women who came to his office greedy of gold, and unscrupulously eager to win it, were humbled and sobered as they talked with him. And always in the pauses of business, as he walked through the busy streets, while he watched the children at their play, he sang low and sweet a song which had for its burden 'Thou art worthy, O Lord!'

The man, listening enviously, was not surprised to hear many praises of the angel. One morning the children whispered together that 'father was such a dear now,' and their mother asked him, 'Do you notice what the children are saying? And they are not the only ones. The servants say it is a pleasure to wait on master now, and yesterday, as I was shopping, I heard——'

But something in the angel's face checked her, and she fell into reverent silence, while he sang low as he went away to the dingy office, 'Thou are worthy O Lord!'

When he entered it the splendor of his angel shape flashed upon him, and the man's voice cried, 'Let me speak! I can bear this no longer. Let me ask thee some questions. Art thou happy?'

'Yes, every day and all day long,' the angel answered heartily.

'But art thou content? Thou art far from heaven now, and thy life is full of common tasks and petty toils. Instead of angels, thy neighbors are men and women, erring and often sinful. Some of them praise thee, but some of them misunderstand and despise thee. Thou canst not be happy! Dost thou not loathe this life and long for heaven?'

The angel's smile glorified the plain, worn face through which he looked as he answered, 'I am content, I am happy. I love this life, for it is heaven to do the will of God, and I would not leave heaven.'

'But it is impossible that thou art content here!' the man protested passionately. 'Thy angel powers are wasting. Dost thou desire nothing better? Hast thou no longing for God's nearer presence, for more worthy service?'

'I long for nothing better than to do God's will. I desire no better service than he gives me. He cannot waste what is his own, and what he uses is very near to him,' the angel answered steadfastly.

Then the man burst into bitter weeping, and the angel glory which he wore was strangely dimmed with the passion of his tears.

'Alas!' he murmured, 'I am weary, troubled, lonely. I cannot tell why thou art so happy! Not even thy angelhood has brought me joy. I dare not seek heaven, and I have no gladness here. Give me back my manhood again.'

The angel's glance was infinitely tender as

he replied: 'Yes, it is time for thee to return; thou shalt have thy own place once more.'

'But thou hast made it very hard for me—how shall I come after thee?' wailed the man. 'I shall grieve and disappoint those whom thou hast made glad. Oh, angel, tell me the secret of thy bliss!'

The angel's smile grew more radiant.

'Yes, it is time for thee to return; but first I will tell thee the secret of the Lord, which is with them that fear him. When thou comest again into this body of thine, consecrate it with thyself to God. Remember always that thou art altogether his, and he will make thee dwell in his heaven. We too, we angels, can sin and be sad, as some of us have done; and thou, too, brother, with all men, mayest obey and be happy as the angels are, utterly blessed because utterly resigned to his will who is Peace and Love and Joy. When any being is the servant of sin he is kept back from heaven and God; but when any being turns the very centre of his mind into the will of God and obedience to him he straightway enters into the heavenly and the divine. Be thou the servant of God, then all thou dost shall be for God, and God himself shall dwell in thee and gladden thee.'

The man still wearing the dimmed glories of the angel bowed his head.

'By the grace of Christ,' he said, 'I surronder myself to him whose I am, whom henceforth I serve.'

Even as he spoke a thrill that was almost pain passed through him, and the man was a man once more, while the angel glowed before him, a smiling splendor. Brighter and more glorious than ever he seemed as he spoke in tones of music, 'Blessed art thou, my brother, heaven is in thee, for God is with thee. Thou shalt be as the angels who do his will, hearkening unto the voice of his word: nay, more; thou shalt be as the King, who loveth thee, before whose glory the angels do homage now not more than when they watched his lowly life which manifested his Father among men: and evermore thy heart shall have its share of the music of heaven, praising him who is worthy to receive the glory and the honor and the power!'

The glory paled and faded out of sight; the angel-song melted into an exquisite silence that breathed unearthly peace; and the man bent forward in rapturous prayer.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Then he started and glanced about him in amaze. The room was dark; the cool night breeze poured through the open window. The caretaker, holding a flickering light, was exclaiming and apologizing at the door. Was it possible that he had but slept and dreamed?

Yet God speaks to men in dreams, and from that night there was a change in the man, so that, though he never heard them, his clerks and associates commented upon it as in his dream he had heard them speak of the angel, and one day when his children tried to fancy what an angel could be like, the eldest said, 'I expect an angel would be something like our papa!'

Our Little Home.

Our little home, my darling,
Oh, whatever wind may blow,
The south, with its quiver of sunbeams,
The north, with its flakes of snow.

Our little home, my dearest,
Is under the dear Lord's care,
And we fear no ill nor sorrow,
Lovingly sheltered there.

—'Sunday Hour.'

First Mate Pitman.

(By Grace Livingstone Hill, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

The good ship 'Chasca' was doubling the Cape of Good Hope for India one Christmas Day. She had on board twenty-eight souls. The captain, the first and second mates, eighteen sailors, and seven passengers—missionaries and their wives, bound to their several fields of labor. The air was clear, the sun bright, just an ideal Christmas sky overhead, and the beautiful seas beneath.

The second mate was on watch on the deck. The captain and the missionaries were in the cabin at their sumptuous holiday dinner, trying to choke down and forget the sadness that would arise at the thought of former Christmases and loved ones left far behind.

Captain Merrill was a coarse, rough man, ignorant, overbearing and jealous. He professed to be an atheist. The sailors were forbidden to have any conversation whatever with the passengers. The missionaries were not even allowed to hand a tract to one of them. His tyrannical manner was a great trial to his passengers during the four months' journey. He loved a dispute, and would talk loudly and beligerently against religion.

Sometimes when the sea was smooth enough to permit, and he himself could be present, he would allow a service held on board, but it was thought by the earnest-hearted passengers that he only allowed it for the purpose of securing fresh butt for his ridicule.

He was getting off some of his rude jokes now, laughing coarsely, perhaps really trying to be a little agreeable for the sake of Christmas day; and the good things on the table were vanishing rapidly.

There was another Christmas dinner being eaten on board, but in solitude and silence. In his small state-room, dismal, ill-smelling, and close, sat First Mate Pitman eating his portion; no fowls, or meats, or dainty sauces, only a scanty supply of ship's biscuit, and water.

He was a powerful man, six feet and three inches in height, and finely proportioned. His grizzled hair had here and there a streak of silver. His face had a look of high nobility, uncultivated. There were hard lines on his brow, and marks of dissipation, but a sort of tender gravity seemed to have overspread this, and tried to hide the story of his former life. By his side lay a new bible, a few of its pages already worn and creased by usage. As he ate, he looked at it, and thought of all that had happend since the beginning of this voyage. Then he was profane and wicked, perhaps more than any of his companions. But for this book he might now be out in the cabin yonder at dinner with the rest, his the loudest laughter, his the wittiest jokes, and on deck the longest stream of oaths. But not a shade of sadness passed over his face at this thought. He reached his hand and turned a leaf and read again a sweet new verse he had just spelled from the pages: 'Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.'

Early in the voyage First Mate Pitman had boasted one day: 'There's nothing that any man over done that First Mate Pitman can't do.'

One of the missionaries said: 'I'm afraid you are mistaken. I have known men who left off swearing.'

He looked the missionary steadily in the eye a moment, and said: 'If any man has done that, First Mate Pitman can do it. How much'll ye bet?'

'If you'll leave off swearing for a week, I'll give you the most valuable article I possess, for a present,' said the missionary.

'I'll do it!' said the mate, and so he had done.

But when at the end of a week he was presented with a bible he looked disappointed.

'The trouble with it is,' said he, shaking his head, good-naturedly, 'it ain't no use to me. I lived with my mother in Boston, and went to school a spell when I was ten years old, but I ran away to sea, an' ain't never seen her since, and forgot how to read. But I'll put it away and keep it to remind me o' you.'

The gentleman hazarded an offer to teach the old sailor how to read, and to his surprise it was eagerly accepted. So, after that, in the presence of his sneering companions and scornful superior officer, First Mate Pitman sat day by day spelling out words from his bible, and learning with the words the truth of the Christian religion. He left off swearing and changed his conduct in many ways. He became a favorite with everyone except the jealous old captain. The more others liked Pitman the more the captain hated him, until, on pretext of some violation of the ship's discipline, he arrested him, and put him in confinement in his state-room. Pitman meekly and quietly took his bible with him and submitted. And so he sat alone on Christmas day, in disgrace and forbidden intercourse with any of the ship's company, instead of eating his dinner with the rest.

Out in the cabin, the whole table were laughing over one of the captain's stories in which he figured as a double hero, when in rushed the second mate his bronzed face ashy grey. He spoke a few hurried words in a whisper to the captain, who arose hastily and drew his subordinate officer into his state-room. Two or three minutes passed full of anxiety to those left behind; and then both men returned, the captain's face overspread with a look of absolute terror. He held in each hand a revolver, and strode through the cabin out to the deck without saying a word. Dinner was forgotten. Everyone followed to the deck.

There, gathered in the forecastle, with determined looks and darkened brows, stood the sailors; eighteen ferocious, powerful men, each gripping his glittering knife, mutiny written in every face. They were just ready to make an attack; resistance upon the part of the hand-ful on the quarter-deck seemed utterly useless—insane. The only hope was in mercy—where mercy was little to hope for in hearts burning for revenge against a long series of insult and injustice—not the least of which was foul and insufficient food. The sharp contrast between the Christmas dinner fore and aft, between forecastle and cabin, had precipitated the storm long brewing. The passengers looked for their captain, but he had disappeared. Where was he? Someone came striding up the deck but it was First Mate Pitman, not Captain Merrill. Pitman, come from his bible. In his hand the two revolvers of the captain; on his brow the helmet of salvation, his face wearing the courage born of the promise he had in his heart, 'The Lord thy God is with thee.'

Without waiting for others to help, he walked straight up to the surly, maddened men, and without an oath, but with an authority and coolness that few experienced officers could have shown, he said: 'Men, lay down your knives. I will give you until I count ten to lay them down.' And then he began deliberately to count: 'One—two—three—.' One by one the knives were laid at Pitman's feet, the lowering brows relaxed, and the mutiny was quelled.

Those who watched and waited anxiously for the result, breathed freely once more,

and their hearts were raised in a prayer of thankfulness. Then all eyes, even the old captain's, turned in gratitude and admiration toward First Mate Pitman, who walked away as if some one else were the hero, and took a long breath of the fresh, salt air, from which he had been shut away so long.

Sunday.

(Mrs. Christie, in 'The Presbyterian.')

King Athelstein forbade all merchandizing on the Lord's Day, under very severe penalties.

Henry VI.—'No fair or market shall be held on Good Fridays, or any Sunday, except the four Sundays of Harvest.'

Charles II. — 'No tradesman, artificer, or workman is allowed to do any of their ordinary calling upon the Lord's Day—work of necessity and charity only excepted—on pain that every person of fourteen years so offending, shall forfeit five shillings.'

Blackstone.—With much else about Sunday, Blackstone,who wrote 'Commentaries on the Laws of England,' goes on to say: 'It imprints on the minds of the people that sense of their duty to God so necessary to make them good citizens.'

It is well known that no one can toil week after week, without a break, and not be injured by it, On this account, the Austrian government has been obliged to enact that no work be done on Sunday. The French are trying to get a weekly day's rest for the workmen employed upon the exhibition buildings now going up. Though these days are not by any means like our Sunday, still, it is a step in the right direction, and in time these people may remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. It is one of the marks of a noble mind to keep God's day holy. George Herbert, a sweet poet of the seventeenth century, says:—

'The week were dark but for thy light,
Thy torch doth light the way.'

The words of Sir Matthew Hale, a pious judge of Cromwell's time, have come down to us as household proverbs:—

'A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content,
And joy for the work of the morrow;,
While a Sabbath profaned, whate'er may be gained,
Is the certain beginning of sorrow.'

The late Baron Pollock had a bible-class in his house on Sunday afternoons, and so had the Countess of Lathom, who met her death so sadly a few weeks ago, and was carried to her grave by four of her sorrowing pupils. I have read that Mr. Gladstone on Saturday nights puts away newspapers and all pamphlets of a secular nature. Would it not be well if you copied the example thus set you, and put away your books and toys of every day, and have only those of a sacred nature for Sunday?

When you are older you will often hear it said: 'Oh, Sunday is not intended to be kept by us, it is only for the Jews.' In this way many, to-day, are trying to do away with the sanctity of Sunday, and even good people in other respects wish to make it a common holiday, rather than a holy day. It is because of this that, young as you are, I hope you may be impressed with a sense of its obligations, and God will bless every effort you make to honor his holy day, for he has said: 'Them that honor me I will honor.'

'Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love!
But there's a nobler rest above;
To thee our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.'

The Children's Fountain.

Lady Henry Somerset unveiled the other day, an interesting little fountain in the Temple Gardens, the little patch of green on the Embankment, opposite the School Board offices. This latest addition to the artistic adornments of the Embankment is a simple little tribute from the temperance children of England. They call it the Child's Fountain, and it stands in the gardens close by where John Stuart Mill sits in the majesty of thought. The fountain is of bronze. It is a replica of one which was set up in Chicago by the temperance children of America. It cost not less than one hundred and fifty pounds. The money has been collected by the children, and Miss Hilda Muff, of Bradford, Yorkshire, the little lady who collected more than any other, supported Lady Henry Somerset in the ceremony of unveiling the fountain and handing it over to Mr. J. S. Fletcher on behalf of the London County Council.

Correspondence

Utica, Montana.

Dear Editor,—All the little girls and boys have been writing letters to the 'Messenger,' and mamma said that I ought to write too. I am eleven years old. My birthday, was on Feb. 10. Papa is herding sheep now, and likes it very much; last year when he was herding he could not get a dog that would stay with him, but this year when he started to herd, a little black dog came to our house. We kept her, and called her Susie. She is an excellent sheep dog.

My grandmother lives in Ontario, and sends us the 'Messenger,' and we are glad to see it come. Sister and I go to school at Utica. We have twenty-five pupils in the school, and have four months' school at a time. We have gone to school altogether a year and a half. We have no Sunday-school here, or church service, only once a month. Your Montana friend

LINA.

Ottawa.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' for our Sunday-school paper, and I like it very much. We get the 'Witness' at our house, and I like the 'Boys' Page' and 'Children's Corner.' I have never been to Montreal, although it is so near Ottawa, but when I do go, I will go and see the 'Messenger' getting printed. I have a good many friends there. It must be a nice place. I go to the Christian Endeavor, and when there was a convention we had a boy from Montreal, and he told me about it, and what a nice place it was; and he said Westmount was a very pretty place. Yours truly,

WILL.

'The Robert Jones Convalescent Home,'
Montreal.

Dear Editor, — I am a little girl twelve years old. I have been sick with rheumatism for five years, but I am getting better now. I stay in a wheeling chair all day. I was in the hospital for a year and a half. I got a lot of presents on Christmas. I have no brothers or sisters. I have read a lot of 'Northern Messengers,' and I like them very much. I am fond of reading. I only went to school for a little while. I used to go to the kindergarten and I liked it very much. Wishing you every success, from your twelve-year-old friend,

FLORENCE.

Grand Pre Farm, Grenfell, Assiniboia.

Dear Editor,—My letter is about one Sunday when my two brothers and I were going to Sunday-school, and we had to go through a prairie fire. My father and brothers were fighting fire, and my mother said it was too bad not to have any of us go to Sunday-school. I said if Fred and Andrew, my little brothers, would go with me, I would go, So we started out, thinking that the fire had gone out. We walked as fast as we could until we saw a haystack burning, and then we thought the fire must be burning. We had three and and one-half miles to go, and we were only three-quarters of a mile then, but when we got one-half of a mile from the school we met the fire. It burned up to us. We turned and ran, but little Fred got tired, so we went on a little slower, and we had to go a mile out of our way. And when we got there, the fire was there, and we had to back fire, that is to set a fire back towards it. If we had not done that the fire might have burned the school. Then coming back we had to go five miles around to get home. And when we were very near home we took off our shoes and stockings, and went home in our bare feet. We had gathered flowers the Sunday before and left them on the trail, and we saw them burning, but of course they were withered. My letter is getting too long, I remain your eleven-year-old reader,

EMILY.

Toledo, Ohio.

Dear Editor,—I was very much interested in C. H. L.'s letter, which appeared in one of the February 'Messengers,' as he proves to be my own dear cousin Charlie, and I know all about Robbie and Hazel. But I want to tell you about a Japanese Missionary whom I saw, heard, and had the pleasure of shaking hands with. Mr. Ikehara, said that there were two words very dear to his heart and those were 'Jesus' and 'Japan.' He became a Christian in Japan, and came to this country to be educated. He is spending a month with our Sunday-school superintendent. In the month of June he will attend the World's Sunday-school Convention, held in London, England, Then he will sail for Japan, and work there for Jesus in the Sunday-school.

Mr. Ikehara always wanted to visit Ohio, as he had heard the word (Ohio) ever since he could remember, for that means 'Good-morning,' in Japan. He told about a New England gentleman, who was visiting in his country. One morning he called on a Japanese gentleman, and remembering that good-morning was the name of one of our states, he shook hands with his host and said 'Pennsylvania.'

I like the 'Messenger' very much. I am eight years old. Yours truly,

CLARENCE.

New Albany, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As you wished for more letters on missions, and as I have an uncle a missionary in Southern China, I will tell you about him, and the work there. He has been there five years, was stationed first at Kayinchu, but is now at a place called Mun Kheu Liang, a place inland. The seaport where he landed, and where all his mail goes, is Swatow. There are no post-offices in the interior of China, all mail is carried inland by Chinese messengers. He is having some success in the work of late, up to Nov. 15, 1897, he had baptized fourteen, and was expecting there would be more before the close of the year. The Chinamen do not take very readily to anything introduced by foreigners into their country. They call all foreigners foreign devils, so are very hard to be won. Little boys all wear ear-rings in their ears. That is to keep the evil spirits from taking them off; thinking they will take them for girls. They believe evil spirits do not care for girls. They worship their ancestors, and burn clothes, shoes, and other things that they think they will need upon their graves, believing they will reach them in the smoke. If they are too poor to get real clothes, they will make paper ones, and burn them. In this way they hope to supply their needs, believing that all manner of blessings will be sent to them in return, business prosperity and health. If they have business failure, or other misfortune, it is a sign that their ancestors are displeased with them and must be appeased. I will close for this time, wishing you prosperity. Yours truly,

FRANK.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Sparrow.

I am only a little sparrow—
A bird of low degree ;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers—
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made to show;

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain:
Were it bordered with gold or purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap :
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet ;
I have always enough to feed me,
And 'life is more than meat.'

I know there are many sparrows :
All over the world we are found ;
But our Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are not forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid ;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.

And I fold my wings at twilight
Wherever I happen to be ;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

I y through the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray ;
I have no chart or compass,
But I never lose my way.

I am only a little sparrow—
A bird of low degree ;
But I know the Father loves me :
Have you less faith than me ?
—'Happy Hours.'

Aunt Kathie's Story.

(By Margery Dane.)

Bobby was, oh, such a cross, discontented little boy one bright October morning.

To begin with, he had a sore throat and a bad cold and a deep, loud cough. And I suppose perhaps, that was the reason of it all!

Aunt Kathie felt very sorry for her little nephew, and so she tried to amuse him. But Bobby didn't want to play, and he didn't want to look at books, and he wouldn't cut out his paper soldiers. He wanted to go out and gather acorns, and he didn't want to do anything else! No, not one single thing!

Two shining tears were rolling down Bobby's fat cheeks, and then Aunt Kathie took him up into her lap and told him a story.

'Once upon a time,' she said, 'a tiny acorn came tumbling out of its pretty brown cup and fell down, down, down on to the grassy ground below.'

'An' I was going to get some this very day!' interrupted Bobby

'And by and by,' continued auntie, 'a little boy came running along right under the big, old oak tree, and stopped to fill his pockets full of acorns.'

'An' that boy is Jakey!' said Bobby with a sob.

'But this tiny acorn,' said auntie, 'had fallen beside the stone wall, and so the little boy didn't see it. "Oh, dear, dear, dear!" it sighed sadly. "How I wish I could take a ride in that nice boy's pocket! How I wish that I could travel and see the world! Oh, dear, dear, dear! I don't like to live in this wood! I'm tired of looking at this green grass. I don't want to stay here another minute!"

'This acorn was a very small acorn indeed. It was much too small to grumble and growl. But it did, all through the long winter, until one bright spring day something happened!

'Out of this tiny acorn's blackened shell came a little light-green sprout. Then two green leaves uncurled. The little acorn felt so proud of all these things that he burst his dark-green jacket right down the middle and he never grumbled about it at all.

'"Never be discontented," whispered the Wind as he came by. "Some day you will grow to be a great, tall oak tree like your father; and your brothers and sisters, whom you envied, were eaten alive long ago!"'

Bobby's eyes were big and bright. 'Do you s'pose I ate any of them?' he asked earnestly. 'I don't believe that that acorn was ever discontent-

ed again; do you, auntie?' he added thoughtfully.

Auntie shook her head. 'I don't believe that it was,' she said

'An' I guess I won't be either,' whispered Bobby as he gave her a kiss.

And just then Jakey came into the sitting-room with what do you think? A tin pail full of acorns! —'Mayflower.'

Thea's Faith.

(By Hazel E. Foster.)

Thea's book and slate were on the table before her, but she was not thinking about lessons just then; she was wondering how her friend Beth's father could be persuaded to allow Beth to go to Sunday-school with her.

But Mr. Cumford was a skeptic, and would not let her go, though he dearly loved his motherless little girl, and she teased and teased him in her pretty way for the coveted permission. He said he 'did not see that Christianity benefited any one 'specially.'

Thea thought and thought. She became discouraged. Finally, she prayed for an opportunity, and it came in an unexpected manner before the close of that week.

Saturday Beth and Thea went out skating with a couple of girl friends on the pond near by.

Suddenly, Beth, who was in advance of the rest, gave a cry of dismay, and to the utter horror of the girls she disappeared beneath the ice. They were so frightened that they could not move.

And when they did recover (excepting Thea) they just shrieked. But she, realizing Beth's peril, offered a prayer for help, and flew to the rescue. She lay full length on the strongest ice near the hole and seized Beth's clothing, just as she rose to the surface.

She called to the other girls, but they were afraid to come near. So with great difficulty and risk to herself, she managed to get Beth out, and then half carried and half dragged her from the trembling ice. Then, to her great joy, she saw several boys coming from the other end of the pond.

They carried Beth, apparently lifeless, to Thea's home, as it was nearer than her own.

There Beth stayed, and when she was ready to go home her father, who came to her, said tenderly to Thea, 'You saved Beth's life my little girl; I can never repay you.'

'Oh, yes, you can,' Thea replied, eagerly.

'How?' he asked.

'By letting Beth go to Sunday-school with me,' was her answer.

'W—well, but—'

'It won't do her any harm,' interrupted Thea's mother.

'No, I suppose not.'

'Please let me, papa,' said Beth, coaxingly.

'Why, yes, if you want to,' he said.

'I knew you would let me go,' Thea said, joyfully.

'How did you know, Pussy?' he asked.

'When I talked to Jesus about it I felt sure 'twould be so,' Thea replied.

The conversation getting too warm for him, he observed that 'Beth ought to get home before the air became damp.'

So they said 'Good-bye.'

Beth lives to see her father an earnest Christian worker.

The girls are great friends still, and are doing a great deal of good. —'Union Signal.'

The Forgotten Birthday Speech.

(By Chaplain George Sanderson.)

Grandma would be eighty-five years old on the morrow, and her grandchildren had planned to give her a birthday surprise. In Germany, where grandma and the children lived, they make a great deal more over a birthday event than we Americans in our country.

The children had consulted mamma, and she had not only given her cordial sympathy to their plans, but her hearty co-operation as well. First, there was to be a lovely, large sugar birthday cake, with beautiful ornaments of frosting on top. Then there was to be an extra large loaf of rye bread, filled with lots of caraway seeds and other nice condiments, of which grandma was very fond And mamma had promised to pick and arrange a nice bouquet of flowers. Chris had composed a little birthday speech which Gretchen had committed to memory, and would recite on the morrow.

The sun rose clear and bright on grandma's birthday. The children formed in line and started for grandma's room. First came Lena carrying the lovely birthday cake; then little Louisa, struggling to keep her arms around the huge loaf of rye bread. Gretchen carried mamma's bouquet, and Chris brought his book with the birthday speech written in it, so as to be ready to prompt Gretchen if she should fail to remember.

Grandma was sitting in her accustomed place, in the easy chair by the fire-place, reading the Bible. It was a merry party that lined up in front of her chair that beautiful November day. Even Fritz, the little white dog, who had followed the children in wore a more than usually happy look on his face. Grandma looked from one to the other, and wondered what it was all about. Chris nudged Gretchen to begin her speech, and in a timid, trembling way she commenced:

'Dear grandma, we bring you—'

and then she hesitated, and finally stopped. Chris whispered the words of the next line in her ear, but she was so nervous by this time that she didn't really know what she was saying, and before she was aware of it she repeated the first line:

'Dear grandma, we bring you
Our offerings of—'

and stopped again. At this juncture little Louisa, who was having great difficulty in keeping the large loaf of rye bread from falling to the floor, toddled forward and lisped:

'Dear dranma, I'se bring 'ou rye bread.' Whereat they all laughed.

Louisa's interruption restored the missing lines to Gretchen's memory, for she made a third attempt and acquitted herself in a creditable manner. Here it is:

'Dear grandma, we bring you
Our offerings of love,
And try, by this act,
Our affection to prove.

'We wish you great joy,
And sincerely pray
Our dear Lord will bless you
On your happy birthday.'

'Lord bless the dear little children,' said grandma, as she gathered them in her arms and kissed them. 'May they always scatter sunshine in their pathway through life.'—'Buds of Promise.'

Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

(Julia Coleman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON IV. — BEAUTIFUL APPLES.

1. What is this? (Show an apple.)

One of the apples we have been talking about.

2. Why do you admire such apples?

Because they are large and fine and good for us to eat.

3. How do they come to be so large and fine?

The warm rain makes them grow and the sunshine gives them color.

4. What colors do apples have?

(Voluntary replies from the class and apples shown by the teacher.)

5. Should they be well ripened?

They should, for unripe apples are not fit to eat.

6. What else makes them good for us?

The rich juices brought to them by the big tree make them just what we need.

7. Whom should we thank for these nice apples?

Our Heavenly Father, who gives us so many good fruits to enjoy.

8. How do some people abuse the kindness of our Heavenly Father?

By making the juices of these fruits into poisonous drinks.

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partizan, W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON IV.—HOW MAN GROWS.

1. How does man begin life?

As a little, helpless child, weighing only a few pounds.

2. How does he grow large and strong?

By the food and drink he takes.

3. How does the food make him grow?

It is changed into the very substance of his body; so that the milk, or bread, or beef, a person eats, becomes after a while bone or muscle or teeth, or some other part of the body.

4. Can the body be built in this way of all sorts of material?

No; it must have food that can be changed into the substance of the body.

5. What do we call the substances that can be so changed?

We call them natural food and drink.

6. What things can you think of as natural food?

Beef, potatoes, bread and butter, and fruits, are natural food.

7. And why do you call them so?

Because they are fitted to the needs of the body, and are easily changed so as to become part of the body itself.

8. But suppose you eat something that cannot be so changed?

Then it cannot be called a food at all, since it does not make the body grow in size or strength.

9. Why do grown-up people need to eat?

Because their bodies are all the time wearing out, and have to be mended by new material.

10. How long a time does it require for the whole body to wear out?

It is said that once in seven years the whole body is made over, just a little bit at a time.

11. Is it wearing out every day?

Yes, every hour and minute. Every time we move, or even think, a little bit of our body becomes worn out and dead.

12. What becomes of this dead part?

It is carried out of the body in many ways; through the tiny holes or pores in the skin; through the lungs, which breathe out the dead matter into the air; and in other ways.

13. Then do you see why everybody must eat?

Yes; if they did not the body would waste away.

14. What sometimes happens in a long illness?

The sick person cannot eat, and so the dead matter passes away without any new matter taking its place, and the body becomes very thin.

15. Is it necessary, then, to be careful what we eat?

Certainly. We might eat many things which would be of no use to make the body grow, or to repair it.

16. If we find, then, that some things that have been used as food or drink really do not build up the body, what should we do with them?

We should refuse to take them, because if they do no good they certainly do harm.

17. How do they do harm?

If in no other way, they weary the body in vain efforts to make use of the useless substance.

Hints to Teachers.

This lesson is intended as the simplest possible introduction to the study of the digestion and circulation and the whole subject of body-building. It is not to be supposed that the children have any knowledge whatever of anatomy; but they will at least see that something must be employed to develop an infant into a strong, full-grown man. They will at once grasp the truth that that something is the food and drink taken, and the necessity that this food and drink be carefully adapted to the end in view. That much learned, we have a basis on which to build a knowledge of the positive harm of alcohol, which is no food.

Tobacco vs. Morality and Manhood.

Mrs. Mary D. Olsen, principal of the McCash public school, in Chicago, before the public school principals, said in part: 'Last October, after my transfer to McCosh School, I found that out of three hundred and fifty boys in the school, eighty smoked from two to twenty cigarettes a day — of these eighty, only six were able to do good work in their classes — I found that eighty-three percent of them smoked cigarettes. Of all these boys who were especially hard to discipline, only three did not use tobacco. Twenty-five of these boys told me the reason they could not study their lessons, was that they were overcome with drowsiness. Thirty of them said they did not feel well and were dizzy all the time. Twenty of them said they could not write well because their hands trembled when they tried to write; several said they felt shaky when they walked, and their nerves felt weak. A large number said they were unable to run any distance—nearly all complained of incessant headaches. They had lost their power to memorize anything. I made a special investigation of the cases of ten boys, who were from four to five years old, and I learned they had a grade a year up to the time they began to smoke cigarettes, and that then all progress stopped. Mrs. Olsen learned that many boys stayed away from school entirely, and others left at recess, because they could not go half a day without a smoke. She said these boys confessed they would lie, steal, or do any other wicked thing to get their smoke, that these boys would be honest and truthful under other circumstances. I suppose I have gathered up a hundred other statements from Chicago teachers, which are in harmony with those of Mrs. Olsen.

A short time since a committee was sent out to look after the men who sold cigarettes to school children, and they reported 15,000 places where cigarettes were sold in Chicago. Chicago is the devil's headquarters.

We now learn from the many reports in regard to Chicago's school-war on cigarettes, that the tobacco industry is a curse of curses to all the people of this world, and that it is distinctively the devil's own, and designed by him to lead men, women, and children, on to physical, mental, and moral ruin at a fearfully rapid rate. The tobacco traffic is not only a direct curse to the family of man, but it is indirectly a curse, because it underlies the rum traffic as its feeder, where at a low estimate, seventy-five out of one hundred of the boy smokers find their way to the 'cup of devils.' Hence the tobacco traffic becomes a two-fold agent of ruin.—'Anti-Tobacco Gem.'

Tobacco.

SEVEN REASONS WHY IT SHOULD BE WRONG FOR ME TO USE IT.

(By the Rev. E. D. Mallory,)

I. It is contrary to God's law in my physical constitution. Nine out of ten are made fearfully sick the first time they use it. Does not this show that God never designed tobacco for the human system?

II. It destroys my freedom. The habit once formed, clings to us with a death-like tenacity. Many who have tried to shake it off have discovered that they were slaves. God calls us to freedom.

III. It injures my health. Multitudes who use it know that they are injured by it. How many tobacco hearts there are. What an army of cigarette smokers we have who are undermining their constitution to an alarming extent.

IV. It is a wrong use of money. We are stewards of God, and must give account of the talents he has entrusted to us. If I take the money put in my hands and spend it for tobacco, which does not nourish, but injures my body, am I not an unjust steward?

V. It is a bad example. A good man using tobacco has a bad influence over boys, burdening the hearts of mothers who daily pray that their children may be kept from evil.

VI. It defiles God's temple. The use of tobacco, as a rule, is a filthy habit, rendering our persons repulsive to many. Our bodies are God's temples. He calls us to purity: 'Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit.'

VII. It is not Christlike. We cannot conceive of the Master using tobacco. No artist would dare paint a picture of Christ with a pipe or cigar in his mouth. Would not a living misrepresentation of Christ be worse? He says, 'Follow me.'—'Times of refreshing.'

Alcohol in Cold Weather.

Dr. Pohlfelt explains why it is so dangerous to use alcohol in very cold weather: A moderate use of alcohol causes a deposit of fat. Alcohol is not turned into fuel in the muscle and nerve cells, but serves as a pure fuel in the organism, and replaces the combustion of fat. Alcohol is, therefore, dangerous in the extreme cold, because it assists the throwing off of heat in a great degree. The effect is as if a stove in a room should be heated red-hot and then all the doors and windows thrown open. Heat produced by muscular work in the body is best obtained from carbo-hydrates in the food, but, besides this, the indispensible production of heat is best obtained by fats. This explains the instinctive choice of foods by men. In the tropics they eat little fat and much fruit, while the polar dweller requires immense quantities of fat to keep up the bodily combustion. — 'Popular Science News.'

Second Quarter.

LESSON I. — April 3.

The Woman of Canaan.

Matt. xv., 21-31. — Memory verses 25-28. Read the whole chapter.

Golden Text.

'Then came she and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me.' Matt. xv., 25.

Home Readings.

M. Matt. xiv., 14-21.—The five thousand fed.
T. Matt. xiv., 22-36.—Jesus walking on the sea.
W. Matt. xv., 1-20.—Reproving the Scribes and Pharisees.
T. Matt. xv., 21-31.—The woman of Canaan.
F. Matt. xv., 32-39.—The four thousand fed.
S. Mark vii., 24-37.—'He hath done all things well.'
S. I. Kings, xvii., 1-24.—Elijah and the Gentile woman.

Lesson Story.

Jesus and his disciples went into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, a heathen country, and when they were there a Canaanitish woman came to Jesus, begging him to have mercy upon her and heal her daughter.

'Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil.' But wonder of wonders, the tender, merciful Lord of Life answers her never a word!

The disciples astonished at his silence, call his attention to her request, and asked him to send her away, either by granting or refusing her request. Our Lord answered his disciples that he was only sent to 'the lost sheep of the House of Israel.'

Then the poor woman came nearer to Jesus and worshipped him, saying, 'Lord, help me.' But Jesus answered, 'It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs.' To all appearance this was an utter refusal of her request. The woman might have gone sorrowing away, saying, 'He helps and heals other people, but of course I need not have expected he would help me.' Many of us would have had some such thought, had we been in her place.

But this woman had real faith; she saw in the apparent refusal a bright gleam of hope. She was not too proud to accept the place given to her, she realized her position and seized upon the metaphor of the little dogs under the table, and answered, 'Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.'

Her faith has stood the test, she had proved herself humble, reverent, fervent, full of that faith which cannot be denied. This is the faith which overcomes the world, this is the faith which removes mountains.

Jesus said unto her, 'O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' And her daughter was made whole, perfectly healed, from that very hour.

Then Jesus left that country, and went to a mountain near the sea of Galilee, and sat down there. Great multitudes of people came to him bringing their sick friends. The lame, the blind, the dumb, the maimed, and all those who had need of healing, were brought to Jesus and he healed them. The people were greatly astonished, when they saw the lame walking, the dumb speaking, the blind having perfect sight, and all the maimed whole: and they glorified the God of Israel.'

Lesson Hymn.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in his blood.

For the love of God is broader,
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine,
In the sweetness of our Lord.

—F. W. Faber.

Lesson Hints.

'Tyre and Sidon'—commercial cities on the coast of Phoenicia.

'Son of David'—'If Christ be no more than the Son of David he has no message to heathen countries. By no such narrow name can Jesus enter into Gentile lands.' Jesus is the Son of God, the Lord of Life. No prayer can prevail if addressed only to the humanity of Christ. Christ is God, and it is as God that he has power.

'I am not sent' — to the Gentiles. The Messiah had been promised to the Jews and to them he gave his life, that they might have the joy of proclaiming his love to the Gentiles.

'Lord, help me'—a model prayer connecting heaven with earth, by that word help. Lord, help me, linking me to thyself by thy help. Anyone can learn this short prayer, and clinging faith will bring immediate answer.

'The children'—God's chosen people.

'The dogs'—the little house dogs that feed under the table, they belong to the house though in the humblest position.

'Truth, Lord'—she accepted the lowliest place. She did not answer, 'I am not a dog. I am as good as some Jews I know, and I do not make any professions, either.' If she had felt or answered in this way she would at once have lost the greatest blessing of her life. True faith is willing to take the lowliest place before God and to confess all to him, thus proving sincerity.

'Great is thy faith'—seldom did our Lord meet with such faith, even where he had performed his greatest miracles. (Matt xi., 20-22.) This woman's faith was increased by the hindrances thrown in her way. Her prayer was unselfish, it was for her child. Parents praying thus for their children must bring down great blessings upon them. Sunday-school teachers praying thus for their scholars, must see them brought into the fold of Jesus. To such prayer Jesus always answers, 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.'

Primary Lesson.

'Then came she and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me.'

This poor woman was in the greatest trouble, her dear little daughter was being tormented in the most fearful way by an evil spirit, and she was powerless to help her.

What could she do? The strongest man that she knew was not strong enough to heal her daughter, for Satan and his evil spirits are stronger than the strongest man in the world. No medicine could help her at all. She began to fear that nothing could ever help her, no one in the world could do anything for her, for no one was stronger than the evil spirit. What should she do?

At last one day she heard that a wonderful prophet had come from Galilee, and that in his own country he had healed many persons who were tormented by evil spirits. 'Oh,' she said, 'I must go and ask him if he will heal my daughter. I am sure he will, they say he is so good and kind.' So she went to Jesus, and told him about her daughter and said, 'Lord, help me.'

She knew he was able to help her. She knew that she had at last found one who was stronger than Satan. She had come to the only person who could possibly help her. She had come to the Son of God, the Lord of all life and strength.

'Lord, help me,' she cried, and though he did not answer her at first, she persevered, and he did help her. Because of her faith her daughter was made perfectly whole from that hour, and never troubled in that way again.

Faith is the measure of our love to God.

Suggested Hymns.

'Faith is the victory,' 'Have faith in God,' 'I do not ask to understand,' 'God holds the key,' Hold thou my hand,' 'The hem of his garment,' 'Simply trusting,' 'Leaning on Jesus,' 'A little talk with Jesus makes it right.'

Practical Points.

April 3. — Matt. xv., 21-31.

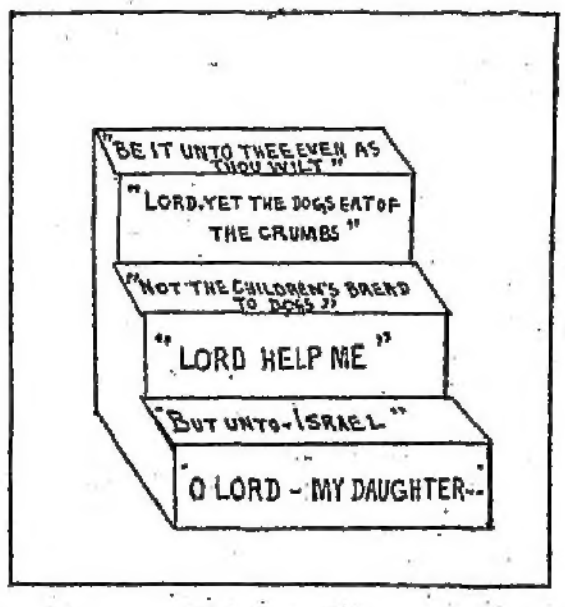
A. H. CAMERON.

When Jesus withdrew from one part of his vineyard, it was only to enter another. Verse 15: John v., 17. Our prayers are often in accordance with God's will, though the answer be deferred, and scoffers have opportunity to deride. Verses 22, 23. While sometimes we may think the trial of our faith is severe, we must remember it is also precious. Verse 24: I. Pet. i., 7. The prayer recorded in verse 25 was as powerful as it was brief. Matt. xiv., 30. They who are much in prayer will not stumble in the valley of humiliation. A crumb that falls from God's table will be sweeter than the richest delicacies the world can present. Verses 26, 27. Nothing pleases our Father so much as the faith of his children. Verse 28: Heb. xi., 6. After we have come to Jesus and been healed, it is our duty to bring others to the Great Physician. Verse 29, 30. We are tempted to wonder less at a soul being saved than at the so-called medical miracles. Yet the former is the greater miracle. (verse 31), and Jesus healed both soul and body.

Tiverton, Ont.

The Lesson Illustrated.

Here our illustration shows the three steps of faith that the Syro-Phoenician woman took one by one, until she obtained her desire in the healing of her daughter. The first difficulty she had was in coming to Christ at all, since he was of another nationality, but mother love triumphed over prejudice, and she came. Her heart rose up in the first prayer, four words of which are placed upon the first step. Then to test


"BE IT UNTO THEE EVEN AS THOU WILT"
"LORD, YET THE DOGS EAT OF THE CRUMBS"
"NOT THE CHILDREN'S BREAD TO DOGS"
"LORD HELP ME"
"BUT UNTO ISRAEL"
O LORD - MY DAUGHTER--

her faith, Jesus interposed as an obstacle in the way, that he was but sent unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. She crosses this, though, and again reaches up to him in her second prayer. To this he again interposes the objection that the children's bread should not be given to dogs. Again her faith and desire crosses this, standing even upon it she rises again in prayer for the crumbs. Jesus then grants her prayer fully, hearing her because of the very difficulties in her way, higher in life, stronger in faith and an example for centuries to come. God's obstacles are never walls, but always steps—to lift us up.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

April 3.—The grace of hospitality. — Gen. xviii., 1-10: Heb. xiii., 2.

How to Make the Sunday-School a Success.

The Sunday-School superintendent who wishes for the largest measure of success will find the secret in the word 'organization.' Every school, no matter how small or how large, possesses within itself the elements of success. Every member, from the oldest, who is almost ready to teach, down to the youngest tot in the primary department, has at least one talent. It should be the first duty of the superintendent to discover that talent, and then find employment for it.

The wise superintendent, without being unduly inquisitive, will ascertain just how each scholar may be most helpful. It will not be found necessary to put each pupil through a civil-service examination in order to find out who are musical, or who the best bible scholars, or who can best interest the little ones. This is the first step towards organization. The usher and the door-keeper should be chosen for their punctuality and pleasing address—two requisites in introducing and welcoming strangers and visitors.

Next the musical talent comes into play. Accidents will happen even in the best regulated Sunday-schools, and there should always be some one ready to take the organ or lead the singing at a moment's notice. — 'Temple Magazine.'

HOUSEHOLD.

One Solution.

The woman of the house looked out undaunted with her calm, clear eyes. 'There is a solution to all problems,' she said. 'The remedy for the evil you speak of (the help question) and which we all deplore, lies, I think, in a return to simplicity of living. There are few households, I fancy, where much of the work might not be eliminated without leaving any real void in the actual comfort of the family. Women climb too many stairs — houses are built with too many; they arrange their meals on altogether too elaborate a scale; their furnishings are on a plan that requires too much dusting. They make too many desserts, too many preserves, institute too much fine laundry work, and worry too much over trifles. Many of their cares might be reduced to a minimum if they were only advanced enough to see things in their proper light.

'Another besetting sin in middle-class families is that in the absence of servants the husband does not hold himself responsible for the performance of the heavier tasks as he should do. There is not one man in ten in this walk of life who would not have ample time to take most, if not all, of the heavier household duties off his wife's shoulders if he would only set himself resolutely about it. I know a number of doctors, ministers and lawyers who live in communities where help is scarce and poor, who make a practice of exercising their muscles in this way, and who have as their reward comfortable homes, properly kept, and healthy, happy, pretty wives, who are not worked to death, even though a domestic seldom crosses the threshold. No, indeed, my dear, you mustn't think that the tragedy of the help question is sufficiently serious to devastate and lay waste all, or half, or quarter, or even an eighth of the homes on this continent. Certainly not while good husbands, with plenty of brawn and muscle, are left to preserve our equilibrium in nature.'—'Jenness-Miller Monthly.'

Shield the Dull Children.

There is usually one of a family of children who is slower to learn than the others, just as some develop physically less rapidly than others; and it is for those slow ones that we plead.

These children are often allowed, by the negligence or ill-judgment of parents, to be made the butt of jests on the part of other members of the family. This is wrong.

Many times these slower children are sensitive to remarks on the subject, and are not only made miserable and unhappy by it, but their mental development and growth are retarded by the discouragement, and a fear of asking questions that follows.

Lives are embittered by the cruel jests of brothers and sisters far oftener than careless people imagine, and what is a natural peculiarity of a certain child's constitution is spoken of as if it were a fault or crime to be ashamed of or hidden.

The seemingly dull boy of a family is often the one who makes the family name illustrious.—N. Y. 'Ledger.'

Injured Fingers.

Jammed fingers.—Few people have escaped jammed fingers, and as the pain caused when the finger is jammed in the door is excruciating in the extreme for the first few minutes, it is well to know of some means of relief. The finger should be plunged into water as hot as can possibly be borne. This application of hot water causes the nail to expand and soften, and the blood pouring out beneath it has more room to flow; thus the pain is lessened. The finger should then be wrapped in a bread and water poultice. A jammed finger should never be neglected; as it may lead to mortification of the bone if it is badly crushed, and amputation of the finger must follow. Jammed toes are usually caused by the falling of heavy weights, and should be treated in the same way as a jammed finger.

Above all, do not neglect to have plenty of fresh fruit on the table at every meal. Ripe, fresh fruit freely partaken of will do more to keep one comfortable in hot weather than all the fans, ice cream and cold water in the world.

Clothes-Pins.

Have you seen some busy housewife hanging out clothes on a cold, windy day, taking off a clothes-pin, each time a garment is added to the line, trying to make one pin hold two and sometimes three articles? Since good clothes-pins can be had for five cents per dozen, it seems rather far-fetched saving to stand on the icy ground double the time really required to shake out and hang the clothes, and run the risk of taking cold while so doing.

Selected Recipes.

Fruit cake.—Soak three cups of dried apples over night in warm water, chop slightly in the morning, then simmer two hours in two cups of molasses. Make a cake of two eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three-quarters of a cup of butter, one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda, and flour enough to make a stiff batter; spice well. Add the apples last. Bake in quick oven.

Mock Duck.—About three pounds of round steak, one and one-half inches thick. Cover with bread-crumbs and sliced onions, season with a little butter, salt, pepper and allspice and cloves. Roll up and tie securely with cord. Put it in a baking-pan and pour one cup of boiling water over it. Bake in a moderate oven one and a half hours, basting frequently. Serve with brown gravy.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more to different addresses, 25c each.

Ten or more to one address, 20c each.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouses Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

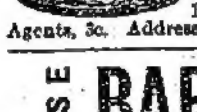
FRANCES E. WILLARD.—Her beautiful life, complete. Officially authorized and endorsed. Authentic and reliable. Fully illustrated. Bonanza for agents. Liberal terms. Write to-day. P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 215 Locust st., Philada.

The best seeds grown are Ferry's. The best seeds sown are Ferry's. The best seeds known are Ferry's. It pays to plant

FERRY'S Famous Seeds

Ask the dealer for them. Send for FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL and get all that's good and new—the latest and the best.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.



YOUR NAME nicely printed on 20 Rich Gold Edge, Fancy Shape, Silk Fringed Envelope Cards, Florals, &c., Cards. This Gold Plated Ring and a 25c present all for 10c. Samples, outfit and private terms to Agents, 3c. Address STAR CARD CO., Knowlton, P. Q.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S GRATEFUL—COMFORTING COCOA

BREAKFAST AND SUPPER.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SEEDS

The publishers have again completed arrangements with one of the oldest and best seed houses in the Dominion to supply the 'Witness' collection of seeds for 1898 which were so popular last year with 'Messenger' subscribers. The seeds have been carefully selected as most suitable for all parts of the Dominion. No packages can be exchanged from one collection to another.

Offer No. 1.

The Farm Garden Collection.

To secure this collection of seeds free, send list of ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30c each.

	cents.
Beans, Mammath Wax or Butter	.05
Beans, Wardwell's Kidney Wax	.05
Beet, extra early Intermediate	.05
Cabbage, first and best	.10
Cabbage, Premium, flat Dutch	.05
Carrot, early horn	.05
Carrot, half long Scarlet Nantes	.05
Cucumber, Impd. long green	.05
Corn, sweet, early market	.10
Corn, sweet, evergreen	.05
Lettuce, Nonpareil	.05
Musk Melon, earliest of all	.10
Onion, selected yellow Danvers	.05
Onion, Silverskin, pickling	.05
Peas, New Queen	.10
Parsnip, New Intermediate	.10
Parsley, Tripled Curled	.05
Radish, Olive Gem, white tipped	.05
Radish, half long, Scarlet	.05
Pepper, long Red	.05
Spinach, long standing	.05
Squash, Hubbard Winter	.05
Squash, Vegetable Marrow	.05
Tomato, New Canada	.10
Turnip, Early White Stone	.05
Turnip, Purple Top, Swede	.05
Sage	.05
Summer Savory	.05
Total	$1.75

In addition to above, an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a packet of New Giant Chilian Salpiglossis; price, 20c.

The Farm Garden Collection to 'Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 75c, or with 'Messenger,' one year, $1.00.

Offer No. 2.

The Kitchen Garden Collection.

Five subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30 cents each secures this collection free.

	cents.
Beans, Mammoth Red German Wax	.05
Beet, extra early intermediate	.05
Cabbage, first and best	.10
Carrot, half long, Scarlet Nantes	.05
Cucumber, improved long green	.05
Corn, sweet early market	.10
Lettuce, Nonparell	.05
Musk Melon, earliest of all	.10
Onion, selected, Yellow Danvers	.05
Parsnip, New Intermediate	.10
Parsley, triple curled	.05
Peas, New Queen	.10
Radish, Olive Gem, white tipped	.05
Squash, Hubbard Winter	.05
Tomato, New Canada	.10
Turnip, early stone	.05
Total	$1.10

In addition to the above an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a package of New Giant Chilian Salpiglossis; price, twenty cents.

The Kitchen Garden Collection to 'Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 45c, or with 'Messenger,' one year, 70c.

Offer No. 3.

The Flower Garden Collection.

Send five subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each, and secure offer No. 3 free.

	cents.
Aster, giant flowering, mixed colors.	.15
Sweet Mignonette	.05
Pansy, new giant flowering, mixed.	.10
Zinnia, mammoth double, all colors.	.10
Nasturtium, tall, mixed	.05
Portulaca	.05
Candytuft, all colors	.05
Morning Glory	.05
Pinks, Double, China	.05
Balsam, Improved double mixed	.10
Marvel of Peru	.05
Verbena, mammoth flowering	.10
Stocks, large flowering, ten weeks	.10
Sweet Peas, the finest selection	.10
Phlox Drummondi, all colors	.05
Petunia, finest, all colors and shades	.10
Total	$1.25

In addition to above, an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a package of new Giant Chilian Salpiglossis; price, twenty cents.

The Flower Garden Collection to 'Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 45c, or with 'Messenger' one year, seventy cents.

ADDRESS:

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Office, Montreal.